

1481 N 30

IMITATIONS.

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Accredited to Lord Holland (Henry Rich)
born 1773 } 3^d Lord

IMITATIO

SECESSION.

THO' TASTE and FRIENDSHIP blame the sad design (*a*)
That robs our Senate of such parts as thine ;
Yet cooler judgment checks my fond regret,
And REASON bids me praise thy WISE retreat.
E'en from the first, when on thy Patriot tongue
Admiring Crowds and list'ning Senates hung,
However sweet to mighty souls it sound
To hear their well-earn'd glory whisper'd round,
Not hopes of empty praise THY bosom fir'd,
Nor was thy ONLY aim to be admir'd:—
The conscious Virtue that inform'd thy mind
Bade thee not *charm* alone, but *serve* mankind ;
Bade thee their Cause protect, their Rights support,
Slight meaner views—and spurn a VENAL Court.
For this, while hope remain'd, thy Genius toil'd ;
Still to the charge return'd, though often foil'd ;

JUVENAL III.

(*a*) *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Lando tamen*

Still, like the fable, heav'd up hill the stone,
 Which ever from the top came tumbling headlong down.
 But now, since Av'rice, Pow'r, or Treach'ry leave
 No arms to level, and no stone to heave,
 Vain is all farther strife.—The mere Debate
 (That dying murmur of a FREE-BORN State)
 Serves, if there are, who ancient customs prize,
 With FREEDOM's Phantom to delude their eyes.
 Shall You, whose veins with genuine ardour beat,
 Lend your GREAT NAME to cover a Deceit—
 Assist the juggle, and support the cheat?

No:—Who shall blame, if, from such scenes withdrawn,
 You trim your Garden, or adorn your Lawn? (b)
 Better with Books and Plants to crown our ease,
 And, quitting useleſs pains, ourſelves to pleaſe,
 Than ſtill a thankleſs, toilsome path to beat,
 Dull in itſelf, and ending in defeat;
 For who, that could eſcape to ſhades, would bear
 From Autumn's colds till Summer's heats to hear
 The deep-ton'd Nothings of a J—NKY's throat,
 Slow S—T, and JENNY R—D—R's peeviſh note;
 Hear coarſe D—ND—s ſupport the baſhful R—SE,
 And L—WR—NCE proſe and ſwing, and ſwing and proſe?—
 I ſaid,—when, turning to yon clouds of ſmoke,
 With honeſt anger thus UMBRITIUS (c) ſpoke—
 “ Since Public Zeal and Liberty are grown
 The ſcorn, the jeſt of this ungrateful town;

(b) Janua Baiarum eſt, et gratum littus amœni
 Seceſſus. Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ.
 Nam quid tam miſerum, et tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
 Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
 Teſtorum aſſiduos, ac mille pericula ſævæ
 Urbis, et Auguſto recitantes menſe Poëtas?

(c) Hic, tunc, *Umbritius*

Since few the men who public Crimes oppose, (d)
 While base CORRUPTION, gath'ring as she grows,
 To FEWER YET, contracts that dwindling FEW—
 And still some fresh Apostate swells her crew,
 I seek the shade; ere age my scheme destroy—
 While yet I've health to save, and life t' enjoy—
 While, unsupported by a younger arm,
 I stroll my Garden or direct my Farm;
 While yet I feel the fire of HOMER's page,
 Soar with his flights and kindle with his rage.
 Born to my Rights, while England yet was FREE,
 This busy City has no charms for me!—
 Where schemes of plunder form the Statesman's boast,
 And he's rewarded best who robs the most—
 Where, through a World's distress, a Nation's cries,
 Through Fraud, through Blood, the road to Honour lies, }
 I thank my stars I was not made to rise!
 No:—there let L—V—R—L, D—ND—S, and R—SE (e)
 Plod on, and fatten on their Country's woes;
 Let P—TT remain, since he can relish praise
 From Fools his taxes starve, and Knaves his Treas'ry pays;
 Let C—MD—N boast, lest any future sneer
 Should taunt with Dulness that insipid Peer,

(d) Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
 Res hodie minor est, herè quàm fuit, ac eadem cras
 Deteret exiguis aliquid; proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi *Dædalus* exuit alas:
 Dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus—
 Dum superest *Lachæsi* quod torqueat, et pedibus me
 Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo,
 Cedamus Patriâ

(e) Vivant *Arturius* isthic,
 Et *Catulus*: maneant quæ nigra in candida vertunt;
 Quis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
 Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,
 Et præbere caput dominâ venale sub hastâ.

That

That once (so strange was PITT's or FORTUNE's whim!)
 The Lives of Millions were consign'd to HIM!—
 There let him tell, where'er his pow'r prevail'd
 The Cannon reach'd, if Fire and Scourge had fail'd;
 The Poor alike an easy conquest yield—
 Burnt in their beds, or butcher'd in the field!
 These are the men, whose all-persuasive strains
 Prove black is white, make Britons bless their chains,
 Securely murder, popularly rob—
 Then, from their heights descending, stoop to JOB;
 Lie, flatter, fawn, their venal Bargains drive
 For Votes—nor on the dirty Traffic blush to thrive!

“ And let them!—since 'tis FORTUNE's cruel sport (f)
 To aid the Follies of a frantic Court;
 Her chief diversion is in Man's Misrule,
 And her PRIME Fav'rite is the pow'rful Fool.
 Why should I stay?—I cannot live on Lies,
 Or paint, to gratify a Nation's eyes,
 The WEALTH of Bankrupts, or the WORTH of Knaves,
 The WIT of Fools, and LIBERTY of Slaves!
 Triumph, o'er Foes unarm'd, defenceless, poor,
 Where Landlords revell'd in their Tenants' gore,
 Where British blood was spilt on either side,
 Nor sooths MY feelings, nor exalts my pride.
 CORNWALLIS triumphs—but I feel not vain,
 Nor taste the glories of that grand campaign!

Quondam hi cornicines, et municipalis arenæ
 Perpetui comities, notæque per oppida buccæ,
 Munera nunc edunt, et, verso pollice vulgi,
 Quemlibet occidunt populariter—inde reversi,
 Conducunt foricas

(f) Et cur non omnia?—Cùm sint
 Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
 Extollit, quoties voluit *Fortuna* joci.
 Quid Romæ faciam?—Mentiri nescio, librum,
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare, et poscere . . &c.

What

What though a NELSON's deeds my wonder raise,
 Pleas'd *once again* to join in BRITAIN's praise;
 Yet, that his spreading flag, his cannon's roar,
 But seem the signals for some carnage more—
 That, KINGS, unsatisfied with myriads slain,
 Yet fresh from slaughter, thirst for Blood again,
 I weep—for I can ne'er my thoughts conceal,
 Or Court Gazettes consult before I feel:
 I flatter none—I serve no private ends,
 Nor tax a Nation to secure my Friends.
 Hence 'tis, while crowds to bless our Premier run,
 Me Foes deride, and all the Prudent shun;
 While some traduce and some lament my fate,
 I stand a Blank, a Cypher in the State (*g*),
 An useless member—and the reason's clear,
 I give no Pension, and I make no Peer.
 Who drains the Treas'ry, who distributes bribes,
 Can ne'er want votes, he counts his friends by tribes:
 His potent call can Nature's self transform,
 Sloth grows alert, Indifference is warm,
 Nor pride, nor love, nor pleasures interfere;
 The 'squire, th' uxorious spouse, the haughty peer—
 All hurry up; since gain inspires a zeal
 Virtue scarce knows, or even Patriots feel:
 Each for his favourite whim his country barter,
 Scotsmen for money, Dukes and fools for garters.
 A better Diocese the Bishop wants,
 And having canted long, at last recants.
 Let M—NT— say what vast rewards await
 The specious rogue, the hypocrite of state;
 E'en from the day when he his friends betray'd,
 What honours grac'd him, or what sum repaid.

(*g*) Atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tanquam
 Mancus, et extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.

Rich in his plunder on a distant coast,
 A Title sooths him for the Crown he lost;
 And now beyond e'en sanguine Treachery's hope,
 He deals out Justice who deserves a Rope;
 Vents his poor spite on those he once cares'd,
 And dooms to prison for a harmless jest.
 Let none despair—since fresh from clubs of France—
 With pompous Peers could H—sk—ss—n advance;
 Since bullying S—DN—Y proves how blockheads rise,
 And BOB SM—TH's wealth the want of *birth* supplies;
 All villains thrive—but most the Scots succeed—(b)
 Thames is a tributary stream to Tweed: (i)
 Scots sent in droves, like oxen to be sold,
 Outstrip their buyers in the race for gold.
 An English rogue may fill a paltry place;
 Scots reign o'er India; Scots usurp the mace. (k)
 We vote like them, but can't command our looks,
 Or laugh, like G—LL—W—Y at GR—NV—LL—'s jokes. (l)
 See bold D—ND—s the venal phalanx lead, (m)
 Nor shame his heart—nor wine can reach his head—
 A jovial thief, who laughs at right and wrong,
 Brags in his face, and coarseness on his tongue—

(b) Non possum ferre, Quirites,
 Græcam urbem . . . &c.

(i) Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes.

(k) Ad summam non Maurus erat; nec Sarmata, nec Thrax,
 Qui sumpsit pennas—mediis sed natus Athenis.

(l) Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare: sed illis
 Creditur
 Natio Comæda est. Rides?—Majore cachinno
 Concutitur

(m) Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, fermo
 Promptus, et Isæo torrentior: ede quid illum
 Esse putes?—Quemvis hominem tecum attulit ad nos.

* Such parts each post of Ministry shall fill,
 Comptroller, Statesman, Banker, what he will;
 He plunders India, and o'er Scotland reigns,
 And from the very Bible draws his gains.
 On England's People once relied the Crown,
 And in their safety dar'd to seek its own,
 Kings guarded Law—Affection lin'd the coast,
 And Peace and Freedom formed the Statesman's boast:
 Now other schemes employ a Premier's wit,
 Ingenious taxes are the pride of P—T T.
 Yes, if his laws can reach his subject's purses,
 He flights their murmurs and derides their curses.
 Do Senates catch from you their Patriot zeal,
 Protect your rights, and speak the sense you feel?
 No driveller puts such obsolete demands—
 What brings your trade? and what produce your lands? (n)
 What laws shall we devise? what schemes invent
 To seize the profits, and to share the rent?
 How make the Farmer's art, the Peasant's toil
 But heap up stores for our triumphant spoil?
 Such are the plans that ask a Statesman's pains,
 And rack through Summer his inventive brains.—
 You who just start on life's tumultuous stage,
 Nor knew the freedom of a happier age,
 May bear the yoke—or e'en attend the school,
 Where youth are taught to rob a land by rule.

Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
 Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus—omnia novit.
 Græculus esuriens, in cœlum jufferis, ibit!

(n) Protinus ad censum; de moribus ultima fiet.

Quæstio: quot pascit servos; quot possidet agri
 Jugera; quàm multâ magnâque paropside cœnat?
 Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arcâ,
 Tantum habet et fidei

* First Commissioner for India Affairs, Governor of the Bank of
 Scotland, Patent Printer of the Holy Bible.

But me, alas! for scenes like these unfit,
 Too old to learn, too honest to submit,
 Who born and bred in England's happier days
 Deem freedom bliss, and independence praise,
 Discretion calls from scenes of useless strife,
 And bids me spare a yet unfulfilled life.
 No more can I my ancient course pursue,
 Honour and dignity forbid a new.
 Farewell! (o) I go—should sense of injur'd truth
 Kindle new flames, and glow in Britain's youth;
 Shouldst thou indeed among thy equals trace
 The growing virtues of a worthier race;
 Should they conspire to snatch the Tyrant's scourge,
 And break the Chains their Fathers help'd to forge—
 Then at thy call I quit the shades I love,
 The sunny Garden, or sequester'd Grove,
 And haste once more to take the well-known field,
 'Gainst Freedom's foes the arms of Truth to wield,
 Till we all fall, or base Corruption yield."

(o) Ergo vale, nostri memor; et quoties te
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
 Me quoque ad Elvinam *Cererem*, vestramque *Dianam*
 Convelle à Cumis: Satirarum ego (ni pudet illas)
 Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

THE
Y E O M A N :

AN EPISTLE

To the Earl of ———, Dublin.

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W HILE Fops, nay Cowards, are in gorgets clad,  
And all the world is military mad ;  
While Dublin sends her Pensioners and Lords,  
In kindred blood to flesh their maiden swords ;  
All ripe to starving multitudes, who dare  
To quit their hovels for unequal War,  
With Torture, Plunder, Rapes, and Death, to prove  
How much the Government deserves their love ;  
Say, how can you, 'mid storms of civil strife,  
Preserve the peaceful habits of your life ?  
O'er bleeding Worth the tear of Pity shed,  
And curse a Russian, though his coat be red ?  
What though you lack the zeal for public good,  
That bathes your Nobles' hands in peasants' blood,  
Know you the gain, the blessings that await (a)  
The Sons of War, the tools of civil hate,  
Who slay the Subjects to support the State ? }

JUVENAL XVI.

(a) Quis numerare queat felicitis præmia, Galle,  
Militiæ ? nam si subeantur prospera castra,  
Me pavidum excipiat tyronem porta secundo  
Sidere : plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,  
Quàm si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti,

For me, if still the loyal troops engage  
 A helpless rabble's unavailing rage,  
 Though martial danger much my nerves detest,  
 Faith! I would join the Army with the rest—  
 Envy should own a mob I never fear'd,  
 And if I fled, when real foes appear'd,  
 Still I might hope some honour from the day,  
 For L—KE would praise me, though I ran away :  
 But better things than L—KE's unmeaning thanks  
 Reward the man who joins the Orange ranks.  
 Free from the ties that common mortals bind,  
 His passions range unquestion'd, unconfin'd,  
 The base designs, that none but Villains feel,  
 And all that are not Soldiers, must conceal.  
 A rage for plunder, or a thirst for blood,  
 With him, is ardour for his Country's good.  
 If prompt by Lust, by Avarice, or Pride,  
 My wealth he plunder, and my God deride ;  
 If of my house the self-appointed lord,  
 He spread the feast of licence o'er my board ;  
 His beastly orgies through the night prolong,  
 Enjoy my wine, but more enjoy my wrong,  
 Tear from my grasp, the hopes, the joys of life,  
 My blooming Daughter and my tender Wife ;  
 And there, before a Sire's, a Husband's face,  
 With brutal fury, work a house, disgrace,  
 And give to lawless bands' licentious arms  
 The Virgin's honour and the Matron's charms :  
 If he do this—he does it all secure,  
 'Tis his to injure and 'tis mine t' endure.

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Et Samia genetrix quæ delectatur arenâ.  
 Commoda tractemus primum communia, quorum  
 Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus  
 Audeat; immo et si pulsetur, dissimulet, nec  
 Audeat excussos prætori ostendere dentes . . . &c.

He

He half rebels, who dares relate his woe;  
 Should he complain, he stands confess'd a Foe,  
 Butcher'd or hang'd—his fate shall Rebels awe,  
 And shew a Yeoman's crimes are acts decreed by law.  
 If charg'd—a SOLDIER is by SOLDIERS tried, (b)  
 A—STR—G or ENN—K—LEN shall preside.  
 With Orange crown'd the martial Judges sit  
 To punish crimes such as themselves commit.  
 Oh blest Tribunal! pure, impartial Court! (c)  
 Here let all injured Innocence resort!  
 Come then, ye unprotected, plead your cause,  
 Obtain redress, and bless your Country's Laws!  
 But, ere you dare a Yeoman's acts arraign,  
 Does your house stand, or do your lands remain;  
 Have you a friend, a daughter, or a wife,  
 One gleam of comfort, or one hope in life?—  
 'Twere best be silent, while your limbs are sound, (d)  
 And, lest revenge repeat, conceal your wound.  
 Then where is HE, the bold, the generous friend, (e)  
 Who dares for Truth with danger to contend?

(b) Bardaius iudex datur hæc punire volenti  
 Calceus, et grandes magna ad subsellia suræ—&c.

(c) . . . . Justissima centurionum  
 Cognitio est igitur de milite; nec mihi deerit  
 Ultio, si justæ defertur causa querelæ.

(d) Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipuli  
 Consensu magno efficiunt, curabilis ut sit  
 Vindicta et gravior quàm injuria: dignum erit ergo  
 Declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,  
 Cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot calligatos,  
 Millia clavorum . . . . .

(e) Prætereà, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultra  
 Ut veniat . . . . &c.

Who dares, while rank and file maintain the lie, (f)  
 Their falsehood combat and their rage defy?  
 A lie, that serves the legal Ruffian's end, (g)  
 Sheds guiltless blood, or libels Freedom's friend,  
 Hundreds will swear—where Soldiers must decide,  
 'Tis easy proving on the Army's side;  
 To this by interest, fame, and zeal they're led;  
 'Tis REYNOLDS' glory, and 'tis HUGHES's bread—  
 But where's the patriot witness who will swear  
 To truths unwelcome to the martial ear?—  
 Say he is found, and say, by threats unmov'd,  
 He's trac'd the Villain, and the Murder prov'd;  
 Prov'd, that the Ruffian slew with savage joy,  
 E'en on the mother's lap, the sickly boy;  
 What then remains? the act they justify,  
 And boldly warrant what they can't deny:  
 Tributes of praise his brother butchers give;  
 But blame the fool who let the mother live.  
 The cause is heard, the Court approve the deed,  
 And own the crimes their orders have decreed;  
 The Villain thrives—for murders on record  
 Are pleas of favour to each loyal Lord.  
 Unwise CORNWALLIS! who such merit loaths,  
 Checks Yeomen's zeal, and trusts in peasants' oaths,  
 Too mild to murder, and too just to rob,  
 Not long can prosper, for he will not job.  
 What though a while, beneath his equal law,  
 The troops may feel some temporary awe,

(f) Da testem, iudex cum dixerit; audeat ille  
 Nescio quis pugnoscere qui vidit, dicere; vidi  
 Et credam dignum barbâ, dignumque capillis  
 Majorum . . . .

(g) Citiùs falsum producere testem  
 Contra pagani possis quàm vera loquentem,  
 Contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.

May for a season curb their headstrong will.  
 Nor live on spoil, nor blood in rivers spill;  
 Time shall some new C—H—PT—N bring again  
 To break the fetters that their zeal restrain.  
 Then, then again shall halcyon days return, (*h*)  
 Thousands shall bleed and villages shall burn,  
 Young Lords, with skilful hand, the lash shall wield,  
 Or chase the helpless peasant o'er the field,  
 And all shall glut, who in their ranks engage,  
 Their vengeance, avarice, malice, lust, or rage.  
 Say, if allur'd by blessings great as these,  
 You'll join the army, to secure your ease.  
 If so, enjoy a privilege unfound,  
 Unhop'd, unequall'd, but on Irish ground;  
 Your Leaders' conduct shall dispel your fear,  
 They'll count for merit what would hang you here.

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(*h*) Ut qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem;  
 Ut læti phaleris omne, et torquibus omnes.

THE END.

May for a season keep their heads strong will  
Nor live on spoil, nor blood in rivers spill;  
Time shall come new C—n—r—n—g bring again  
To break the fetters that their neck restrain.  
Then, then again shall halcyon days return (V)  
Thousands shall bleed and villages burn;  
Young Lords, with blith hand, the lash shall wield,  
Or chase the helpless peasant o'er the field;  
And all shall glut, who in their ranks engage,  
Their vengeance, avarice, malice, hate, or rage.  
Say, if allured by blessings great as these,  
You'll join the army, to secure your ease,  
If so, enjoy a private mansion,  
Unhappy, ungrateful, but contented ground;  
Your leaders' conduct shall direct your hand,  
They'll count for merit what you hang on hand.

(V) The poet here ends his brilliant idyll;  
The first of his songs, a vigorous sonnet.